

Good Morning 535

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

NEW HOME
IS TAKING
SHAPE
L.Torp. Harry
Bentley



Even a Bad Egg has a Stand-in

Says Sir Alexander Korda

WAR-TIME motion picture production in England is getting into a stride that should carry it far. To my mind, this is the most interesting place in the world in which to make films, in spite of rationing, shortage of material, shortage of talent owing to the necessary demands of the Armed Services and auxiliaries, and now the "robot blitz" just to make things tougher.

When M.G.M. British put "Perfect Strangers" into production at Denham I kept a diary. It will be curious reading some day for anyone interested in how the British make films in the midst of total war. Maybe it will even be a bit inspiring.

On the first day of shooting we ran smack into a rationing problem. Our first scene was a breakfast conversation between Robert Donat and Deborah Kerr, who head the "Perfect Strangers" cast. An egg was called for by the script.

Now, eggs are strictly rationed in war-time England. It would have been easier for the prop-man to produce a duplicate of King Tut's treasure chamber. But prop-men are indelible, so up came, not one egg, but two.

They looked all right—"But for heaven's sake be careful with 'em," said their provider. "They've been condemned by the food inspector. My greengrocer gave 'em to me!"

So one of the eggs (the less-attractive one) was placed gingerly under the lights as "stand-in" for the other, while the "stand-ins" for Mr. Donat and Miss Kerr posed for the coming scene. Then the better egg was substituted, the two stars took their places at the breakfast table and the scene was shot.

I am happy to say that no more eggs will be needed in this particular picture. But the same kind of problem came up a few days afterwards. This time it was soap. We had to borrow it and return it to the makers.

Despite such handicaps—which, insignificant as they may seem, can cost time and money and nervous wear and tear—I have never known a more cheerful production unit than "Perfect Strangers."

And I shall never forget the first news of D-Day. A young wardrobe girl was the only person in the studio to hear the first B.B.C. flash. I am sure she must have broken all sorts of track records as she raced around

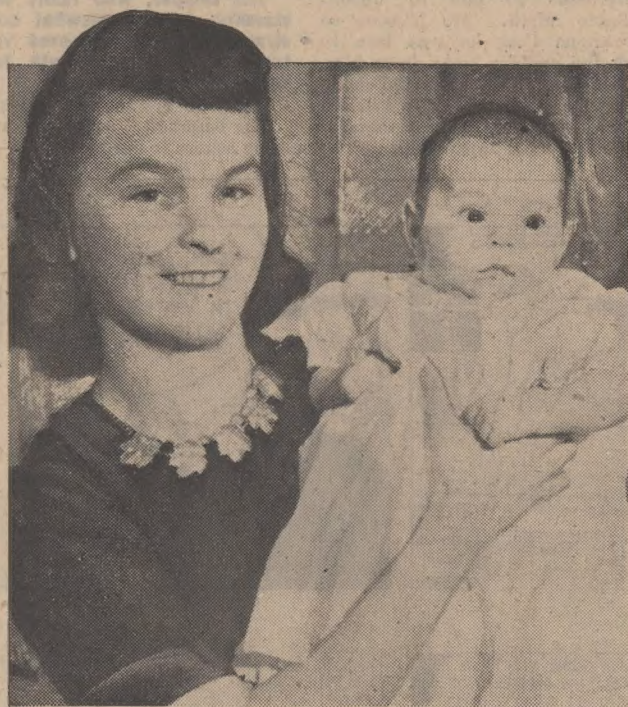
the lot telling the news. Most of us were sceptical until I had a radio brought on the set and we all heard General Eisenhower's first communique.

Then came the robot planes, with various effects on our work at Denham. One of our cameramen has had his home completely wrecked; fortunately none of the family was harmed. A couple of story conferences had to be cancelled because Scenario Chief Dalrymple was busy with Civil Defence. War jobs come first. And so it goes, but one thing

is certain: Britain no longer has an inferiority complex regarding its ability to turn out pictures that will have as wide an appeal as those made in Hollywood.

For many years British film production was daunted by the vastness of Hollywood's resources, the long lead gained over the years by the movie-makers in California, the wealth of technical experience at their disposal, the world-wide popularity of the Hollywood stars.

But there have always been first-rate British pictures, and there are going to be more of them—many more. The basis of motion-picture-making, after all, is writing and acting. The British people, in the "finest hour" of their history, have remembered that they are the people of Shakespeare, of Scott and Dickens, of Gar-



MARY PAMELA, BY SPECIAL REQUEST of Sto. David Cripps

"GOOD MORNING" presents Mary Pamela, by special request. Half a pound per nch, blue eyes, dark hair, always hungry, often thirsty (like father). This is the baby daughter of Stoker David Cripps. David has never seen his daughter, so these pictures should please him to-day.

Fuller details for an interested father are these. Mary Pam is teething just now, keeps Mother awake, cries occasionally, is twenty-four inches long, and weighs twelve pounds.

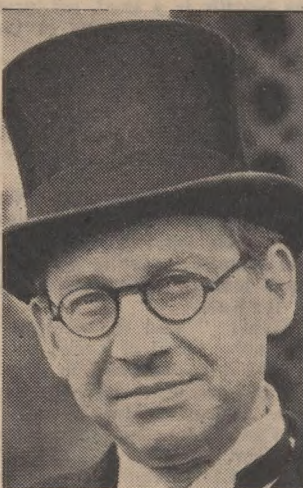
David's wife Peggy, an attractive, dark-haired Irish girl, sends her love and bits of news from 38, Broadbent Avenue, Latchford, Warrington. Brother Frank, the paratrooper, married Rhoda Taylor in September, and was since reported missing. You'll be glad to hear

David, that he is now safe. Peggy, the girl who came from Limerick two years ago, wants a few more words with you before you go.

"Don't be wetting the baby's head too often. Remember you're a family man now. I write two or three times weekly, so let's hope you are getting the letters now."

She's not used to being called Mrs. Cripps yet. When we called Peggy told us that Mrs. Cripps was out for the day. Our interest in the baby, however, soon brought the observation, "Oh, perhaps it's me you want to see?"

Anyway, Mr. and Mrs. Cripps are keeping fine, and join in sending best wishes from Warrington.



Sir Alex has confidence in Britain's film future.

rick and Siddons and Kean and Irving.

As to technical detail, Britons remember that their countrymen have played a leading part in the development of modern industry and of pure and applied science.

So they are going about the business of making motion-pictures that will hold their own against the best that any other country can turn out; but they are not going about it in any narrow spirit.

The British are realists; they welcome the aid of experience and talent from America and from Europe. The war has taught them the value of team-work.

It is a matter of pride and exhilaration to me to have a part in this resurgence of a great people whose citizenship I am now privileged to share.

And my final word is: Watch for the new crop of British pictures. They are going to be good!

WE called to see your wife at 10, Osson Road, Old Kent Road, First-Class L.Torp. Hy. John Bentley, and she told us she had only returned from North Wales two or three days previously with John.

Amy says she liked Wales during the summer, but, all the same, was jolly glad to get back to her own home.

Now she is in London she is trying to get the permits necessary for the odds and ends for a new flat, so if you see any nice chunks of lino lying spare, or some nice curtains, your wife says don't forget where they are needed.

Alma has been away to Pitsea for two months, and her two kiddies, Terry and Seline, very much enjoyed it.

The three kids are always fighting—Naval tradition, we suppose—and Battling John Bentley can hold his own.

George and Mum and Rosie are all keeping well. Rosie is still looking for a boy friend, and she says she loves submariners!—so what are some of your shipmates waiting for!

Your Mother and Father, who are keeping well, met your wife at Paddington on her return, and she stayed with them for a day or two.

Brother George is expected home on leave soon from the Navy. Fred in India writes to say he is going on O.K., but is anxious to get back home.

The Ossory is still standing, and Harry Roy and Jack Payne still attend regularly for the entertainment of clients, and the beer still stands the strain, and Charlie is reserving a special drop of wallop for your return.

That's all the news now—and good news it is.

THIS DUCK WENT TO SEA

THIS is the story of a duck—not an amphibious American, but the good old English farmyard variety—and probably the only "Donald" who ever made a voyage from England to the Mediterranean in a British submarine and back again—alive.

It starts, not so very long ago, in the offices of one of our great naval shipyards—all submarine men will know where—when the captain of a new submarine came to take over his ship.

It is an unwritten law that if a captain wants any reasonable modification made to a new submarine, particularly in the way of making the quarters slightly more comfortable, the builders try to meet his wishes.

Anyway, this particular captain came into the office; his submarine had been passed as O.K., and the shipyard official made the usual request, "Is there anything else we can do for you, captain?" You can imagine the elevated eyebrows of the official when the captain said, "Yes, I'd like you to get me a duck."

After some banter, the official realised that the captain meant what he said, so two men were sent out in a car to scour the

local farms for a "Donald." Late that night they came back with a duck; it had cost a couple of quid and a lot of persuasion. It was handed over the following morning with many misgivings on the part of the shipyard official, who wondered how in the world a duck would survive in a submarine under war-time conditions.

Anyhow, the sailors quickly made a box for their mascot, and, lo and behold, the following day it laid an egg, which was brought ashore, blown, and put in a case, which is still in the shipyard now, engraved as follows: "The first torpedo fired" from H.M. Submarine

—, and so Donald sailed away with the ship.

Months later, the shipyard official received a letter from the captain. I quote it as near as possible as written:—

"Dear Mr. —, I suppose you have often wondered what happened to the duck. Well, for your information, it is still alive and kicking, despite many narrow escapes. It has one remarkable characteristic, inasmuch that it lays an egg almost every day we are in port, but never lays when we are at sea."

"Everybody on board regards it as the best mascot ever. It has survived all the bombings in Malta, although it had one narrow escape. One day it was waddling along aft when a near miss from an Italian bomb blew it to the other end of the deck, where it landed smack into a paint pot, but the sailors quickly retrieved it, gave it a paraffin bath, and it was back at action stations again within half an hour."

"Another day we were ambled along on the surface, and the duck was taking an airing on the deck, when it suddenly decided that it could do with a swim in the briny."

"That duck was so important to the ship that a sailor immediately dived overboard to the rescue and got it back again. That is only the half of it, but we wouldn't part with that duck for all the tea in China. So despite your fears the duck is still alive and going strong."

I'll bet the farmer who sold that duck would be delighted to know what happened to it, and one of the shipyard officials recently suggested that another submarine should get a drake, and the first time they were both in port together the duck should be mated with a view to providing other submarines with mascots from guaranteed action stock.

Bill Stephens

HOME TOWN TALK

CALLING all Northern submariners once more. This time down to Walton Hall, is Barney Bedford taking you for a quick trip round to see what's news in your old home towns. All set? Here goes.

BISHOP AUCKLAND. Went down there the other day and saw a Bishop lending a hand on a threshing machine. Was a novel experience to me, I must say, but after chatting with the Bishop, I found out that he'd tried his hand at this before. The Man—Durham's Bishop Alwyn Williams. The Occasion—First organised visit by townspeople to see how things are run down on the farm. The Object—To promote a better understanding between farm worker and factory worker.

MIDDLESBROUGH. Chatted with Second Steward, George Ronald Newton, a local lad who has been awarded the M.B.E. for his part in the sinking of the U-boat. The Object—To promote a better understanding between farm worker and factory worker.

DUNSTON. Dropped in on this little Tyneside burg to chat with the Browns, Brit and Lloyd's Medal for his part in the sinking of the U-boat. The Object—To promote a better understanding between farm worker and factory worker.

WAKEFIELD. Visited this old Yorkshire town, famous for its Chantry and the blokes that pal, BARNEY BEDFORD.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning,"

c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

"TWO DAY TALE" of Mirthful Mutiny - - By W. W. JACOBS

I HAVE always had a slight suspicion that the following narrative is not quite true. It was related to me by an old seaman who, among other incidents of a somewhat adventurous career, claimed to have received Napoleon's sword at the battle of Trafalgar, and a wound in the back at Waterloo. I prefer to tell it in my own way, his being so garnished with nautical terms and expletives as to be half unintelligible and somewhat horrifying. Our talk had been of love and courtship, and after making me a present of several tips, invented by himself, and considered invaluable by his friends, he related this story of the courtship of a chum of his as illustrating the great lengths to which young bloods were prepared to go in his days to attain their ends.

It was a fine clear day in June when Hezekiah Lewis, captain and part owner of the schooner *Thames*, bound from London to Aberdeen, anchored

off the little out-of-the-way town of Orford in Suffolk. Among other antiquities, the town possessed Hezekiah's widowed mother, and when there was no very great hurry—the world went slower in those days—the dutiful son used to go ashore in the ship's boat, and after a filial tap at his mother's window, which often startled the old woman considerably, pass on his way to see a young lady to whom he had already proposed five times without effect.

The mate and crew of the schooner, seven all told, drew up in a little knot as the skipper, in his shore-going clothes, appeared on deck, and regarded him with an air of grinning mysterious interest.

"Now you all know what you have got to do?" queried the skipper.

"Ay, ay," replied the crew, grinning still more deeply. Hezekiah regarded them closely, and then ordering the boat to be

lowered, scrambled over the side, and was pulled swiftly towards the shore.

A sharp scream, and a breathless "Lawk-a-mussy me!" as he tapped at his mother's window assured him that the old lady was alive and well, and he continued on his way until he brought up at a small but pretty house in the next road.

"Morning, Mr. Rumbolt," said he heartily to a stout, red-faced man, who sat smoking in the doorway.

"Morning, cap'n, morning," said the red-faced man.

"Is the rheumatism any better?" inquired Hezekiah anxiously, as he grasped the other's huge hand.

"So, so," said the other. "But it ain't the rheumatism so much what troubles me," he resumed, lowering his voice, and looking round cautiously.

"It's Kate."

"What?" said the skipper.

"You've heard of a man being henpecked?" continued Mr. Rumbolt, in tones of husky confidence.

The captain nodded.

"I'm chick-pecked," murmured the other.

"What?" inquired the astonished mariner again.

"Chick-pecked," repeated Mr. Rumbolt firmly. "Chickpecked. D'ye understand me?"

The captain said that he did, and stood silent awhile, with the air of a man who wants to say something, but is half afraid to. At last, with a desperate appearance of resolution, he bent down to the old man's ear.

"That's the deaf 'un," said Mr. Rumbolt promptly.

Hezekiah changed ears, speaking at first slowly and awkwardly, but becoming more fluent as he warmed with his subject; while the expression of his listener's face gradually changed from incredulous be-

back of the house, and patted him with hearty good will.

"That'll do, my dear," said the choking Mr. Rumbolt. "Here's Captain Lewis."

"I can see him," said his daughter calmly. "What's he standing on one leg for?"



"Don't look so surprised, you know who sent me!"

wilderment to one of uncon trollable mirth. He became so uproarious that he was fain to push the captain away from him, and lean back in his chair and choke and laugh until he nearly lost his breath, at which crisis a remarkably pretty girl appeared from the

The skipper, who really was standing in a somewhat constrained attitude, coloured violently, and planted both feet firmly on the ground.

"Being as I was passing close in, Miss Rumbolt," said he, "and

To the captain's discomfort, manifestations of a further attack on the part of Mr. Rumbolt appeared, but were promptly quelled by the daughter.

"Mother?" she repeated encouragingly.

"I thought I'd come on and ask you just to pay a sort of flying visit to the *Thames*."

"Thank you, I'm comfortable enough where I am," said the girl.

"I've got a couple of monkeys and a bear aboard, which I'm taking to a menagerie in Aberdeen," continued the captain, "and the thought struck me you might possibly like to see 'em."

"Well, I don't know," said the damsel in a flutter. "Is it a big bear?"

"Have you ever seen an elephant?" inquired Hezekiah cautiously.

"Only in pictures," replied the girl.

"Well, it's as big as that, nearly," said he.

The temptation was irresistible, and Miss Rumbolt, telling her father that she should not be long, disappeared into the house in search of her hat and jacket, and ten minutes later the brawny rowers were gazing their fill into her deep blue eyes as she sat in the stern of the boat, and told Lewis to behave himself.

It was but a short pull out to the schooner, and Miss Rumbolt was soon on the deck, lavishing endearments on the monkey, and energetically prodding the bear with a handspike to make him growl. The noise of the offended animal as he strove to get through the bars of his cage was terrific, and the girl was in the full enjoyment of it, when she became aware of a louder noise still, and, turning round, saw the seamen at the windlass.

"Why, what are they do-

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. Gimp is a small car, fairy, cord, dress material, insect, reptile?
2. How many garden implements can you think of?
3. What famous dance band leader is also a Brooklands motor ace?
4. What strait separates Madagascar from Africa?

5. In what games do you play from a "D"?

6. All the following are real words except one; which is it?—Parasang, Parasine, Parascene, Paraceve, Parasol, Paradigm.

Answers to Quiz in No. 533

1. Card game.
2. Pansy, Peony, Poppy, Pheasant's Eye, Pimpernel, Pink, Primrose, Primula.
3. Chaffinch.
4. North Channel.
5. Ha-ha, or haw-haw.
6. Schena.

I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



HULLO, boys. I'm here again to bring you gossip of the day. Complaints from Vera Lynn that some of her radio impersonators are "bad, malicious and un-funny" have caused the B.B.C. to issue instructions forbidding all "Forces Sweetheart" impersonations without her permission.

Stage artistes, too, are to be watched by the star's solicitors, and bad offenders may find themselves facing legal proceedings.

"I am definitely prepared to take action," Vera told me. "Ordinary impersonations I don't mind, but many of these broadcasts are just malicious, and my solicitors consider them slanderous."

"They are not intended to amuse people so much as to discomfit me."

Forces admirers at home and overseas, she said, had written to her and to the B.B.C., objecting to impersonations of her by various broadcasters.

I hope you dear brave boys are relieved about this. Sincerely yours . . .

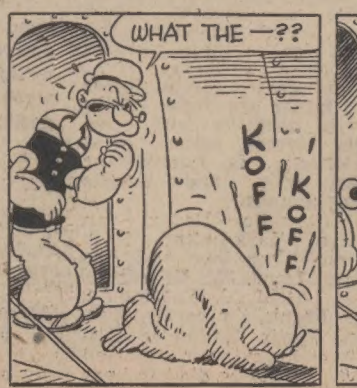
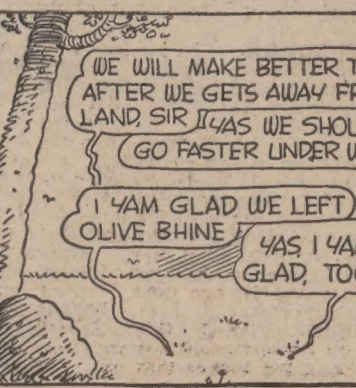
BEELEZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



THE special extra-strong and pasteurised beer which troops overseas are supposed to be getting—and which they complain unceasingly they are not getting at all—is beginning to turn up.

Not in France, Italy, Holland, Belgium, or anywhere else where the fighting is being done. But in certain public houses in London, where the civilian public may buy it at 1s. 2d. a half-pint.

Sale of this beer began in London a short while ago. It is much different from the watery mild-and-bitter to which Londoners have accustomed themselves. It is, in fact, just the stuff to give the troops.

THEME song to be used in all future paternity cases: "Is you am, or is you ain't my baby?"

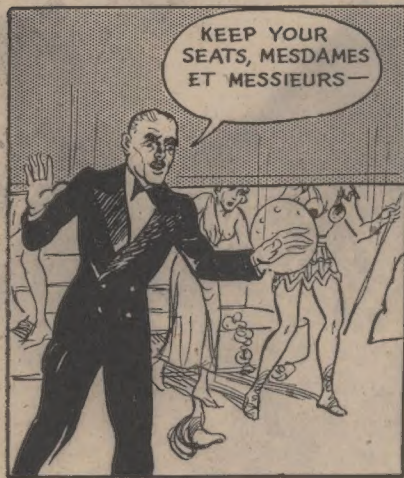
WANGLING WORDS—474

1. Insert consonants in *Y*A*O*E and *U*I*E* and get two common trees.
2. Here are two articles of clothing whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?
GNIPMUJ — RECKSOT
3. If "Monday" is the "day" of the moon, what is the day of (a) Festivities, (b) Electricity?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 473

1. NECTARINE, CHESTNUT.
2. WAISTCOAT—TROUSERS.
3. (a) Punishment, (b) Puny.

JANE



AN ELABORATE ELOPEMENT

(Continued from Page 2)

"Where's the mate?" "He's with us," said another seaman, brandishing his sheath knife, and scowling fearfully. "He's our new captain."

In confirmation of this the mate now appeared from below with an axe in his hand, and, approaching his captain, roughly ordered him below.

"I'll defend this lady with my life," cried Hezekiah, taking the handspring from Kate, and raising it above his head.

"Nobody'll hurt a hair of her beautiful head," said the mate, with a tender smile.

"Then I yield," said the skipper, drawing himself up, and delivering the handspring with the air of a defeated admiral tendering his sword.

"Good," said the mate briefly, as one of the men took it.

"What!" demanded Miss Rumbolt excitedly, "aren't you going to fight them? Here, give me the handspring."

Before the mate could interfere, the sailor, with thoughtless and starting hastily away again, obedience, handed it over, and

Miss Rumbolt at once tried to knock him over the head. Being thwarted in this design by the man taking flight, she lost her temper entirely, and bore down like a hurricane on the remaining members of the crew who were just approaching.

They scattered at once, and ran up the rigging like cats, and for a few moments the girl held the deck; then the mate crept up behind her, and with the air of a man whose job exactly suited him, clasped her tightly round the waist, while one of the seamen disarmed her.

"You must both go below till we've settled what to do with you," said the mate, reluctantly releasing her.

With a wistful glance at the handspring, the girl walked to the cabin, followed slowly by the skipper.

"This is a bad business," said the latter, shaking his head solemnly, as the indignant Miss Rumbolt seated herself.

"Don't talk to me, you coward!" said the girl energetically.

The skipper started.

"I made three of 'em run," said Miss Rumbolt, "and you did nothing. You just stood still, and let them take the ship. I'm ashamed of you."

The skipper's defence was interrupted by a hoarse voice shouting to them to come on deck, where they found the mutinous crew gathered aft round the mate. The girl cast a look at the shore, which was now dim and indistinct, and turned somewhat pale as the serious nature of her position forced itself upon her.

"Lewis," said the mate.

"Well," growled the skipper.

"This ship's going in the lace and brandy trade, and if so be as you're sensible you can go with it as mate, d'ye hear?"

"An' s'pose I do; what about the lady?" inquired the captain.

"You and the lady'll have to get spliced," said the mate sternly. "Then there'll be no tales told. A Scotch marriage is as good as any, and we'll just lay off and put you ashore, and you can get tied up as right as ninepence."

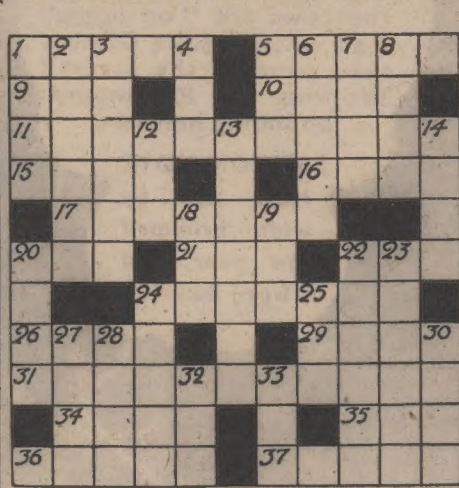
"Marry a coward like that?" demanded Miss Rumbolt, with spirit; "not if I know it. Why, I'd sooner marry that old man at the helm."

"Old Bill's got three wives a'ready to my sartain knowledge," spoke up one of the sailors. "The lady's got to marry Cap'n Lewis, so don't let's have no fuss about it."

"I won't," said the lady, stamping violently.

READ THE ENDING TO-MORROW

CROSSWORD CORNER

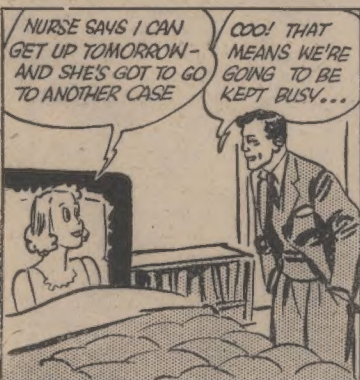


- CLUES ACROSS.
1. Portion of opera.
- 5 Yellow.
- 9 Limb.
- 10 Rigid barrier.
- 11 Oiling.
- 15 Colloquial hat.
- 17 Measuring device.
- 20 Precious stone.
- 21 Space of time.
- 22 Bore.
- 24 Luggage.
- 26 Constellation.
- 29 Bite.
- 31 Panto.
- 34 Jib.
- 35 Eggs.
- 36 Magnificent.
- 37 Pay out.

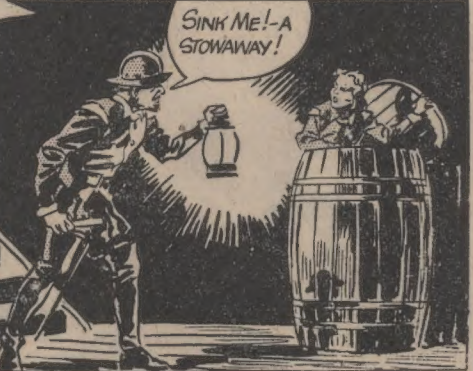
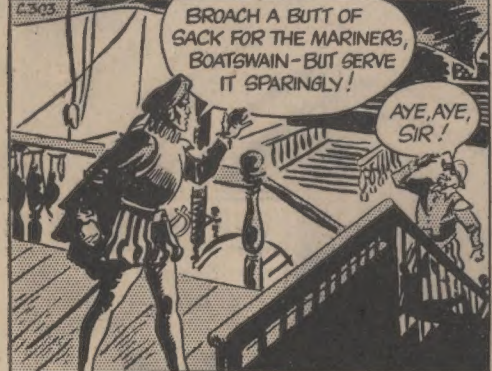
- CLUES DOWN.
- 1 Sailor. 2 Voyage. 3 Symbol. 4 French friend.
- 5 Girl's name. 6 Vocal piece. 7 Bubble up. 8 Greek Cupid. 12 Boy's name. 13 Horse. 14 Part of bottle. 18 Drink. 19 Horse. 20 Sullen. 22 Disregard. 23 Motive. 24 State of Brazil. 25 Past. 27 Flower. 28 Deer. 30 Wild herb. 32 Distance. 33 Fuel.

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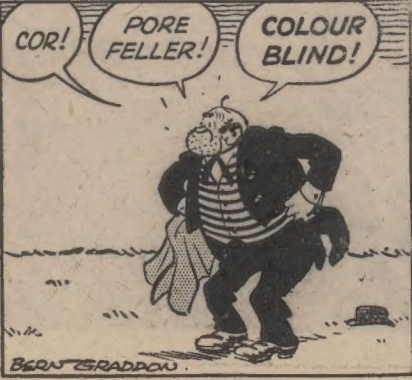
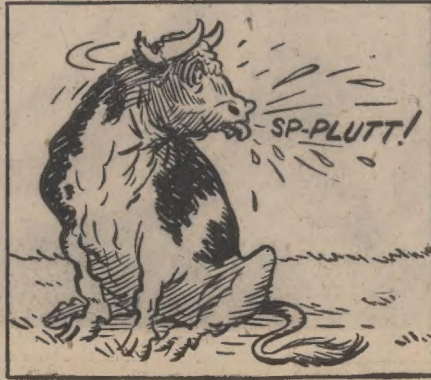
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



IT'S A FACT

CONTRARY to popular belief, a cat cannot see in pitch dark. Although its eyes make the most of feeble light, it cannot see when there is no light at all.

The word "silhouettes" was derived from the name of a Frenchman, Etienne de Silhouette, who advocated economy in every walk of life. As a paper silhouette depicting one's profile was much cheaper than a miniature painting, it was called a silhouette in derision.

The Hospital de Jesus Nazareno in Mexico City, built in 1531, was the first hospital built on American soil. It had been standing eighty-nine years when the Pilgrim Fathers set foot on Plymouth Rock.

Sitting Bull, the most formidable of all Red Indian Chiefs in the wars against the white men in America, led the representatives of fifty thousand Indians at a peace council at Fort Rice, U.S.A., in 1860, and signed a treaty with Government delegates.

In 1611, twenty-five years before Harvard University opened its doors, and ninety years before Yale, Manila, the capital of the Philippines, had a University for Filipinos which is still flourishing.

The word "propaganda"—much overworked now—is derived from a congregation of Cardinals set up by the Catholic Church in 1622, which was charged with the management of missions. Pope Urban VIII was responsible for instituting the College of Propaganda for the propagation of the Faith.

"Pelorus Jack," the only fish in the world protected by an Act of Parliament, used to "pilot" steamers negotiating difficult passages off New Zealand, followed every vessel for miles, and disappeared from sight some years ago.


When he first discovered America, Christopher Columbus landed on one of the Bahamas, a group of more than 500 flat, low coral islands in the West Indies (twenty of which are inhabited), yielding tropical fruit, sponges and turtle.

The ruins of Stonehenge, near Salisbury, are reputed to be the oldest building in England, dating back to the Bronze Age, and said to have been a temple for sun-worshippers.

Cork legs were never made of cork; they were named after a man named Cork who had a reputation for making artificial legs.

The first Christmas card was drawn in 1844 by Lewis Carroll (author of "Alice in Wonderland"), who sent it to a friend. It depicted some revellers toasting an absent friend.

Gordon Rich

A black and white photograph of a woman lying on her back on a bed of straw or hay. She is wearing a cowboy hat, a fringed vest with dark spots, and a matching fringed bandana. She is barefoot and has a thin bracelet on her right wrist. A coiled lasso is on the hay near her feet. She is smiling and looking towards the camera.

LITTLE GIRL BLUE, COME COIL UP YOUR ROPE.

The bull's in the meadow,
the cows are "on hope."
And where's Julie Gibson,
that punches the steers?
Working for Paramount
pounding her ears.

FASHION NOTE.

Hats will be
wide brimmed
this year, and
worn lower.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Seems she got
a callous down in
Dallas."

